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TRANSACTIONS

OF THE

FIRST ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

122d Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.

HELD AT

LANCASTER, PA.,

Thursday, May 17, 1883.

LANCASTER, PA.
THE NEW ERA STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
1884.

Pennsylvania infantry - 122 regt., 1862-1863.

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COMMITTEES.

General Executive Committee:

Col. EMLEN FRANKLIN, Chairman.

Lieut. JOHN P. WEISE, Co. A.
GEORGE W. EABY, Co. B.
Lieut. SAML. G. BEHMER, Co. C.
Lieut. JOHN C. LONG, Co. D.
THOMAS C. WHITSON, Co. E.
JOHN H. BARNES, Co. F.
Capt. HENRY N. BRENEMAN, Co. G.
JACOB HALBACH, Co. H.
Lieut. WM. C. REED, Co. I.
Capt. WM. F. DUNCAN, Co. K.

Sergt. GEORGE F. SPRENGER, Secretary.

On Ceremonies:

Hon. JOHN T. MacGONIGLE, Chairman.

Lieut. ISAAC MULLIKIN.
Sergt. Major WM. H. H. BUCKIUS.
Sergt. WILLIAM GAST.
Dr. JOHN S. SMITH.
THEODORE WHITSON.
GEORGE M. BORGER.

On Rendezvous and Collation:

Sergt. GEORGE F. SPRENGER, Chairman.

Sergt. A. J. LEIBLEY.
Sergt. MORRIS ZOOK.
GEORGE W. CORMENY.
CALVIN CARTER.
FRANKLIN BOOK.
EDWARD BOOKMYER.

On Finance and Contribution:

Capt. GEORGE M. FRANKLIN, Chairman.

Lieut. HIRAM STAMM.
Sergt. DAVID C. HAVERSTICK.
HENRY C. MARTIN.
ABIJAH D. GYGER.
RANDOLPH SUPPLEE.
FRANK GALBRAITH.

On Notification of Members:

Lieut. Col. EDWARD McGOVERN, Chairman.

Capt. GEORGE MUSSER, Co. A.
Sergt. BENJAMIN O. CONN, Co. B.
Lieut. SAMUEL G. BEHMER, Co. C.
Lieut. JOHN C. LONG, Co. D.
Capt. ANDREW K. BYERLY, Co. E.
Capt JAMES F. RICKSECKER, Co. F.
Capt. JOHN P. KILBURN, CO. G.
Sergt. SAML. H. WELCHANS, Co. H.
Lieut. WM. C. REED, Co. I.
Sergt. JOHN A. TRISSLER, Co. K.

PRESIDENT, COL. EMLEN FRANKLIN.

CHAPLAIN, REV. ELIM KIRK.

ORATORS, K. ALLEN LOVELL, ESQ., J. DAVIS DUFFIELD, ESQ.

HISTORIAN, DR. JOHN S. SMITH.

PROCEEDINGS.

At 2 o'clock the members assembled at Mænnerchor Hall, and, after forming by companies, marched down East King street, led by the City Band, and, escorted by a delegation of the George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., they marched to Centre Square and around the Soldiers' Monument. After indulging in a short street parade the members marched to Fulton Hall. The stage was occupied by Colonel Emlen Franklin, Lieut. Colonel Edward McGovern, Adjutant D. H. Heitshu, Chaplain Elim Kirk, Quartermaster John T. MacGonigle, Captain George Musser, the Speakers and the Committee of Arrangements. The Band played "Star Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle." Mayor MacGonigle called the meeting to order, and nominated Col. Emlen Franklin for President. The nomination met with vociferous applause, and when the Colonel stepped forward three hearty cheers were given him.

Colonel Emlen Franklin's Speech.

The Colonel made a brief speech of welcome, beginning with the remark that there was no need to tell how proud and happy he felt on having been called on to preside, and saying that there was no need to speak in a formal manner to them, for they knew as well as he the object and intents of the re-union. It was a sort of family gathering, where old memories would be recalled. For years this re-union had been talked of among the comrades abroad as well as those here in Lancaster, and the large, enthusiastic meeting was the result of that agitation. Words failed him on this occasion. The feelings that filled his breast throbbed also in theirs.

Twenty years had passed since the Regiment returned from the war, and what recollections come with the occasion? The memory of the dead was tinged with sadness, but the braves who went before now sleep the sleep of the blest. The first thing he and his comrades should do, and the best thing they could do,

was to return thanks to God for sparing their lives and permitting them to be here at this time; he therefore asked all present to join in prayer.

Prayer by Rev. Elim Kirk, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Music by the Band, "Hail Columbia."

Then came K. Allen Lovell, Esq., of Huntingdon, Pa.; then J. Davis Duffield, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa.; then followed the History of the Regiment by John S. Smith, D. D. S., of Lancaster, Pa.

Colonel McGovern now announced that the banquet would be held at Mænnerchor Hall, the Band played and the exercises of the afternoon were ended.

In the Evening.

The boys of the 122d, with their guests, Post 84, G. A. R., gathered around the festive board.

Colonel Franklin presided.

After the collation was eaten, the President offered the following sentiment:

"The Judiciary, our protection in time of peace as the soldiers were in war."

Responded to by Hon. Wm. N. Ashman.

J. Davis Duffield entertained the boys with a ten minutes' speech.

Sergeant George F. Sprenger read a number of letters and telegrams received. The first paper was the following greeting. adopted by the 99th Regiment survivors at their re-union:

"That your re-union may be a grand success, and your enjoyment and pleasure in meeting old comrades after so many years may be greater than it was twenty years ago on your return home, is the wish of your fellow soldiers and comrades of the Red Diamond."

A letter was read from Miss M. Slaymaker, representing the "Patriot Daughters," thanking the Committee for the invitation to be present at the re-union.

George S. Boone offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to make all the preliminary arrangements for a permanent organization.

Captain George M. Franklin moved an amendment that the Executive Committee, as now appointed, be authorized to report a permanent organization. The amendment was unanimously adopted, and a motion to adjourn, to meet at the call of the Executive Committee, having been adopted, the boys slowly passed from the Hall, and their first re-union was over.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.

COL. EMLEN FRANKLIN, CHAIRMAN.
COL. EDWARD McGOVERN.
HON. JOHN T. MacGONIGLE.
CAPT. GEORGE M. FRANLLIN, TREASURER.
CAPT. JAMES F. RICKSECKER.
SERGT. DAVID C. HAVERSTICK.
SERGT. GEORGE F. SPRENGER, SECRETARY.

ORATION.

BY K. ALLEN LOVELL, ESQ., OF HUNTINGDON, PA.

COMRADES:

Standing here to-day, in a busy and peaceful city, in this beautiful and spacious Hall, and in a presence so pleasing and significant, strange and interesting memories come, like flood tides from the past.

Here, before me and about me, I look into faces that to my eyes have been invisible for twenty years, and yet as we have each traversed the teeming avenues of business life, in all that long interval, up and down this great Commonwealth, how often, in memory, the familiar voice of some comrade that has cheered and helped us on the weary march has again sounded in our ears and transported us back to the time when our life seemed embodied in the song:

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire's gleaming."

But when awakened from our reverie by the noise and the din of the busy life about us, we have thanked God it was but a dream, and that the visions floating before us were but memories of the past.

As we greet each other on this anniversary occasion let us recall for a moment the dark days of 1862, when it seemed as if the Union, so dear to us all, purchased at such great sacrifices of blood and treasure, was about to be rent in twain; and the grand States, comprising empires within their broad and rich bosoms, were to become independent and hostile governments.

The magnificent Army of the Potomac, after knocking at the very gates of Richmond, had been driven back, defeated and dispirited, leaving many of its grandest men, noblest spirits, maimed and dying on those early and terrible battle fields, and many more to suffer and perish in the horrible prisons of the South.

Thoughtful and patriotic men all over the North, as they met each other in the streets, on their farms, in their stores and offices, spoke with bated breath and sorrowful hearts of the latest disaster to the Union arms. The very blackness of darkness seemed ready to settle down upon the country; and yet all this impenetrable gloom, as we look back over the past, from the present, seems to have been needed to properly awaken and arouse that great slumbering giant, the North, to the fact that the Nation's life was in peril.

Scarcely had the news of the army's disaster before Richmond been flashed over the country, when a deep-seated feeling seemed to possess men of all classes. They said, here is a war in which every citizen has a *personal* duty to perform. Men gathered from their farms, their stores, their offices to fill the depleted ranks,—great schools all over the North, filled with young men in training for the intellectual conflicts of life, became military camps, and all conversation, literature and song were alike consecrated to the cause that rested on all hearts.

Under such circumstances as these, only a short distance from this city, on the 12th of August, 1862, was organized the Regiment whose re-union we celebrate to-day. Composed largely of young men who had no previous knowledge of military duty, active measures were at once begun to acquire proficiency in drill and render the men acquainted with the art of war. Scarcely had the organization been performed, however, when the disasters of Pope's campaign rendering it necessary that all available forces should be gathered about the Capital, the Regiment was summoned to Washington, where, on the 16th of August, it was reported to General Casey, then in command of the city's defenses.

No comrades here present, I venture, but recall the day that our grand old Regiment, 1,000 strong, proudly marched through the streets of the National Capital, the Stars and Stripes floating over us, and sweet strains of martial music quickening every step; but before the "Long Bridge" had been crossed, and we had climbed the bluffs that rise on the Virginia side, the burning August sun, whose heat was intensified by reflection from the dry sand and parched earth, the clouds of dust rising to stifle and choke the moving columns, the heated musket, the well-filled

knapsack that strangely seemed to grow heavier at every step—all these conspired to destroy forever the beautiful visions of the ease and glory of a soldier's life.

As the early morning sun looked down upon the camp where rested the 122d Regiment, during its first night on the "sacred soil" of Virginia, it revealed the contents from many a knapsack which the soldier deemed unnecessary as he started on his second day's march.

After only a brief delay the Regiment was moved to Fairfax Court House, where it was assigned to General Piatt's Brigade, composed, with it, of the 86th and 124th New York Volunteers.

This Brigade subsequently became the 3d of the 3d Division and 3d Army Corps.

I need not recall the anxious weeks of marching, countermarching and drill, through which the command now passed and which always constitutes the most trying experience in the early life of the soldier—trying, because seemingly so unnecessary and yet so vital in training for the exposure and suffering incident to a soldier's life in time of war.

The further history of the 122d Regiment now becomes the history, in part, of the Army of the Potomac.

Pope having been beaten at Manassas, the Confederate army, flushed with victory, marched northward, crossed the Potomac, and while threatening Washington, proclaimed freedom of speech and action to all citizens of Maryland who were willing to show their sympathy for the cause of the South.

While our Division, General Whipple commanding, was left in charge of the defenses about Washington, the Army of the Potomac under McClellan also passed north, and by rapid movements the advance columns engaged the enemy before Lee had time to concentrate his forces and fought the battle of South Mountain, in which, although the Confederates had greatly the advantage of position, they were beaten and withdrew under cover of darkness to Antietam. Here they selected their position with care, concentrated their whole army, planted their batteries so as to do most effective service, and waited the approach of McClellan; and here was fought, Sept. 16th and 17th, one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war, and perhaps up to that time the most so of any battle ever fought on the American Continent.

From this terrible encounter, Lee escaped again to his native soil of Virginia.

Whipple's Division, leaving Washington, joined the main body of the Union army in Maryland, when McClellan, crossing the Potomac near Berlin, moved South by gradual marches until Warrenton was reached. At that place McClellan was relieved of his command, General Burnside appointed his successor, and the army was halted near Falmouth, on the North side of the Rappahannock.

In December, from the 11th to the 16th, was fought the bloody and fruitless battle of Fredericksburg, in which the 122d, while enjoying the luxury of serving as a target for the Confederate batteries, was preserved from the terrible sacrifice to which thousands of their comrades were invited—of repeatedly charging, through shot and shell, through blinding storms of musketry, over an open plain, only to find the enemy safely intrenched behind a solid stone wall at the base of the impregnable heights.

We all remember, after the army had returned to the north side of the Rappahannock, and a short time had elapsed, how utterly futile was the second attempt of General Burnside to surprise the enemy, and how *this* campaign passed into history as the great "mud march."

It now seemed that the country again demanded a change in the leadership of the Army of the Potomac. While the Union armies in the West were achieving notable victories, the way from Washington to Richmond was still greatly obstructed.

General Hooker was now called to the front, and Burnside was relieved. The new Commander had fought in many battles of the war, and by his daring and the impetuosity of his attacks had justly won the admiration of his superiors and the love and confidence of his men. Under the inspiration of his command, the army during the winter was rendered more efficient in discipline, and was strengthened by re-enforcements until, in the Spring of 1863, new life and hope seemed everywhere visible.

In the latter part of April the camps at Falmouth were quietly abandoned and portions of the army, moving West, crossed the Rappahannock and Rapidan at the upper fords, and proceeded in the direction of Chancellorsville; while Sedgwick's command, designed to attract the enemy's attention, moved down the river

to Franklin's Crossing. The 122d moved with the corps under General Sickles, on April 28th, and, proceeding to a point below Fredericksburg, as if to cross the river in support of Sedgwick, halted and remained until the morning of the 30th, when the whole corps moved rapidly West to the United States ford, and, crossing, rejoined the main army under Hooker near Chancellorsville, on May 1.

Early in the morning of May 2d, the Third Corps was thrown well forward on the right centre of the line of battle, between the 12th and 11th corps, and as Stonewall Jackson, on that day, swept around the front of Hooker's entire army, from its left to its right, his moving columns were more than once pierced, driven off, and thrown into confusion by the advance divisions of Sickles' corps. On the right of Sickles rested the 11th corps, in command of General Howard, who, though also apprised of the large masses of Confederates moving in his front during the day, yet believed them to be portions of Lee's army in full retreat, until six in the evening, when Jackson, having succeeded in massing his entire command of 25,000 men on Hooker's extreme right, charged with his usual impetuosity, striking the 11th corps in front and on its exposed flank and hurling it back in utter confusion and broken fragments towards the centre of our line of battle.

When the tide of disaster reached the 3d corps it was fortunately checked. Every foot of ground was stubbornly contested by Sickles, Stonewall Jackson fell, mortally wounded, and the Confederate columns were stayed.

It was now late in the evening of May 2. During the night the lines of the Third corps were re-formed and by a bold attack Sickles pushed back the enemy, regaining part of the ground lost by Howard's disaster, and posted his guns so as to effectually cover the open space about the Chancellor House.

At early dawn on Sunday morning the Confederates pushed forward heavy columns on their chosen points of attack, and never did men with more desperate determination, more utter recklessness of life, dash themselves upon Sickles' corps, whose 40 cannon, ably fought, tore through their close ranks with frightful carnage.

"In the Annals of the War," says an eye witness, "there has

been no greater manifestation of desperation than that shown by the Confederates on this Sunday morning. They came through the woods in a solid mass, receiving in their faces the terrible hail storm, which burst like the fury of a tornado from the lines of Berry, Birney and Whipple. The batteries hurled in grape and canister. The advancing column was cut up and gashed as if pierced and ploughed by invincible lightning. Companies and regiments melted away, yet still they came. Whipple, Berry and Birney advanced to meet them. The living waves rolled against each other as you have seen the billows on a stormy sea. The enemy, as if maddened at the obstinacy of these handfuls of men, rushed up to the muzzles of the cannon, only to be hurled back, leaving long lines of dead where the storms of grape and canister swept through."

Sickles could not hold out against these tremendous odds. Twice had he sent urgent appeals to Hooker for re-enforcements, but the Commanding General himself had been stricken down by a shell from the enemy's guns and was thought to be dying.

During that fatal hour the army was without a leader, and Sickles, instead of being supported by 10,000 fresh troops, out of the 30,000 not engaged, and thus enabled to have driven the enemy from his front and achieved a substantial victory, was compelled to gradually give way and take up a new line more contracted and more easily defensible, against which the fury of the storm spent itself in vain.

The 122d, in this desperate encounter, suffered severely in killed and wounded.

Generals Berry and Whipple were among the number who fell mortally wounded on that fatal day. General Sedgwick, who had crossed below Fredericksburg, stormed and taken the Heights, and was now marching his forces in the direction of Chancellorsville, was suddenly halted by a division of the Confederate army, detached by Lee for that purpose, and was afterwards attacked in such numbers, during the evening and night of May 4th, as to overwhelm him and drive him across the Rappahannock at Bank's ford, with heavy loss.

On the night of May 5th Hooker also crossed at United States ford, and thus ended this remarkable series of battles on the lines of the Rappahannock.

After the death of General Whipple, his body was forwarded to Washington, and the 122d was ordered to accompany it to act as escort at his funeral.

At the conclusion of these sad rites, the Regiment's term of service having now expired, it was ordered to Harrisburg, where, on the 15th and 16th days of May, it was mustered out—the men returning to Lancaster, May 17, 1863, just twenty years ago to-day.

Thus briefly, and no doubt in many respects inaccurately, I have sketched the organization and work of the 122d Regiment. We who are here to-day were permitted to witness the triumphant close of the war, and after almost a generation has passed are allowed to greet each other on this happy occasion.

Not so with our brave comrades, who, more than twenty years ago, on that beautiful Sabbath morning in May, gave up their lives, freely sacrificed in a cause the ultimate success of which was yet in doubt; not so with those of our number, equally heroic, who, when their youthful faces were first turned toward the seat of war, their hearts swelling with patriotism, as with joy they thought of the glory they should achieve on the field of battle, yet, with wasting disease, slowly perished on the weary march, enduring their great sufferings *in quiet*, for their country's sake.

From the graves of our fallen comrades—a Kling or a Bailey, sleeping peacefully on the field of Chancellorsville, a Readman or a Wade, resting in quiet repose at Berlin or Falmouth—there comes to us to-day an inspiration, voiced from every patriot grave all over this great Republic, quickening our devotion to the government and institutions for which they gave their lives, and to the great cause of liberty throughout the world.

No historian whose pen shall trace out the causes which led to the great American conflict, record its deeds of valor and heroic suffering, and not devote many of his brightest pages to tell of the noble, self-sacrificing spirit of Christian women in that time of the nation's peril, can merit or receive the approval of those for whom he writes.

Probably never in any war, in any country, was there so universal and so specific an acquaintance on the part of the women with the principles at issue and the interests at stake, and it is

impossible to over-estimate the amount of consecrated work done by them for the army. Amid discouragements and fearful delays they never flagged, but to the last increased in zeal and devotion —many denying themselves the comforts to which they had always been accustomed, that they might wind another bandage around some unknown soldier's wound, or give some parched lips in the hospital another sip of water. God himself keeps this record; it is too sacred to be trusted to man.

But the great cause has triumphed. Our government, with all its blessings of freedom, is established on a firmer footing than before the war. The great root of bitterness has been plucked up. Free government has shown itself able to defend itself; able to secure to the people of this country the blessings of liberty; able to maintain their rights against the most formidable attack which any conspiracy or nation can organize.

In this great cause, the 122d Regiment has borne her part. She has done what she could to make clear the true principles and results of the conflict; to uphold the flag of the country on the field of battle; and many of her number have laid down their lives that they might contribute to the attainment of our national success.

And now, as we turn our faces away from the glorious achievements of the past, whose fading memories will soon depart for ever, let us look out into the great future, full of promise and hope. Can we not there discern this magnificent Republic, our beloved country, as she marches proudly and grandly in the lead of the nations of the earth; chastened, it may be, by the struggles and blood stains of the centuries through which she has passed, yet with gathered strength for every noble purpose and responsive to every impulse of an enlightened civilization.

In that glad day there shall remain no trace of the State sovereignty and sectional bitterness of the past, but as the grand column moves onward, in the procession of the ages, this great nation, growing in splendor and power as time advances, shall receive welcome plaudits and grateful homage from the North, the the South, the East, and the West—a country unbroken and indestructible.

ORATION.

BY J. DAVIS DUFFIELD, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FRIENDS AND COMRADES:

If this were the anniversary of the departure of our Regiment for the seat of war there could have been no appropriateness in my selection for this part of the programme; but as it is the anniversary of our return, I can recognize the entire propriety of such selection, remembering that I was a very sick boy in going to war, and a very glad one in returning.

Well do I remember the kind reception which awaited us on our return at the hands of the citizens of Lancaster. The repast that was set before us in the Court House afforded a happy contrast to the previous meals of hard tack, pork and coffee which had so frequently been furnished us at the expense of Uncle Sam. The greetings received by members of the Regiment who were at home here aroused considerable envy in me, I can assure you, and made me wish in my isolation that I had either been born in Lancaster county, or were able to transport from Bucks county some of my friends for the occasion. I was struck on that occasion with the amount of beauty which the city afforded, and am not quite sure that I have yet recovered from the effects of that impression. I congratulate you who returned as I did (and were perhaps almost as glad to get back) that you did return, and were not left upon some of the battle fields of Virginia as sacrifices to the insatiable Moloch of war.

It is a subject of congratulation, also, that so many of us have been spared through the years that are past to meet together at this reunion—the 20th anniversary of our return; and let us, while enjoying the festivities of this occasion, not forget to bring to mind others of our comrades who were left upon the field of battle, as well as those who have gone since their return to join the "bivouac of the dead." With our mirth let us mingle our tears, and let our joys be softened by our prayers for those who have gone before. There will perhaps be few opportunities af-

forded us who survive to meet together as we do to-day; so let us enjoy this occasion in the full spirit of "fraternity, charity and loyalty,"not knowing which of us, before another similar occasion shall be presented, shall have answered the "long roll of death." The faces of Maj. Thad. Stevens and Q. M. Sergt. Jacob Martin are present to my mind—although absent from this occasion —the former good natured and kindly, the latter always jolly and social. Let it be hoped that there may possibly be reunions of our comrades in the spirit land, and that the dead that have gone before are having a counterpart of this occasion in realms which their valor and their virtues have won for them.

We know not the future, but only the present and something of the past, but nothing has ever so thoroughly stirred the hearts of a people (and probably nothing ever will) as the services and sacrifices of its soldiery. The soldiers of the Union have on every hand received recognition and gratitude; and it has only been in cases where the designs of crafty politicians have been attempted to be carried out, through the prostitution of this sentiment, that the people have revolted. The names of Kearney, Sedgwick, Whipple, McClellan, Hancock, Meade, Grant and hundreds of others stand on the pages of their country's history as examples of military ability and courage for the emulation of future generations, and are enshrined in the hearts of the people in gratitude for their services in maintaining this government "of the people, by the people and for the people." Their swords are now beaten into plowshares, as our bayonets are turned into pruning hooks; and let the glory of the soldier not be dimmed by the mistakes of the partisan nor his valor forgotten through the faults of the politician. "Peace hath her victories as well as war."

The marches, the camp fires, the bivouacs, the parades, and the drills of the Regiment in which we joined come vividly to our minds; and I have often wished that just for one evening (not, of course, for a great length of time) the scenes of a camp fire could be restored. Some of the experiences of our soldier life were thoroughly enjoyable; and I am not unmindful of the forages that were made with such refreshing results to the inner man. However, be it said to the credit of Col. Franklin, that he always took proper measures for repressing any undue spirit of wanton-

ness in that direction, although his efforts to protect a certain hen house on the urgent appeals of the good woman of the mansion in a night march on the road down to Piedmont did not prevent a number of dishes of chicken broth from being served up next morning, as I myself can testify.

The quickness with which a number of pigs and calves were disposed of later on in the march towards Falmouth, on a bright winter's afternoon, would have earned positions for a number of our men at a first-class abattoir; and, if I remember aright, the Colonel's cook was put in charge of some of that pork. Some of you, my comrades, may remember that this occurred upon the farm of a man whose milk house loft was well filled with apples and potatoes, and some of you may remember having been chased out of that loft by the proprietor of the premises, not, however, without a certain amount of booty having been secured. The locking of the door of that loft, you will remember, put a stop to foraging in that direction.

It is unfortunate that war means a relapsing into primitive conditions of life—communism pales before its lurid light. The restraints of civilized life are relaxed, and that which in peace would be considered a crime becomes in war a merit to be rewarded. It means desolation, destruction and death; and it also means present and resulting demoralization to society which cannot be immediately reinvested with its wholesome and proper restraints. In the language of Burke: "War suspends the rules of moral obligation, and what is long suspended is in danger of being totally abrogated. Civil war strikes deepest of all into the manners of the people. They vitiate their politics; they corrupt their morals; they pervert even the natural taste and relish of equity and justice. By teaching us to consider our fellow creatures in a hostile light, the whole body of our nation becomes gradually less dear to us. The very names of affection and kindred, which were the bond of charity, become new incentives to hatred and rage when the communion of our country is dissolved." That we may have no more of it is the wish of all who have participated in it, North and South, although the coming generations of our country, knowing nothing of war but by tradition, may rush into it and obtain the wisdom of its experiences. Let it be hoped that this country will never again witness a war of sec-

tion against section, brother against brother. Dearly has the South paid for her errors in the loss of her property and her sons; and while we may have little or no regard for their so-called "statesmen" who labored so zealously to bring it about, yet toward those who fought against us we can only feel as brave men should feel toward each other. Would that their valor had been shown and blended with our own against a common enemy, rather than in an effort to perpetrate the crowning iniquity of our American civilization (in derogation of the rights of humanity and in violation of the laws of God), the institution of human slavery. The progress of human intelligence had lighted up its iniquities to the dullest comprehension, and whatever fatuity of reasoning may have blunted the consciences and dulled the sensibilities of our brethren at the South, there is a result attained in its abolition which promises development of their resources wherefrom shall flow wealth and power for them. Joining hands with them, we (soldiers of the North and South), in defence of a common country, can well bid defiance to any foreign adversary; and to any that may dare assail us we may say with Henry the V in the play:

> "Take heed,
> How you awake our sleeping swords of war,
> We charge you in the name of God, take heed!
> For never two such kingdoms did contend
> Without much flow of blood, whose guiltless drops
> Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
> 'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the swords,
> That make such waste in brief mortality."

It seems in strange contrast with the sequence of events to read upon a tombstone in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond of a brave son of the South, who, so it states, "was killed in the battle's front while charging the enemy at Malvern Hills, July 1, 1862," this inscription:

> "Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead.
> Dear as the blood he gave,
> Fear not that impious foot shall tread
> The herbage of your grave.
> Your glory shall ne'er be forgot
> While fame her vigil keeps,
> Or honor points the sacred spot
> Where a soldier proudly sleeps."

No impious foot trod the herbage of that grave in mine, although a foot that marched against his friends and kept step to the music of the Union; and I could but wish with all my heart "that his glory might never be forgotten," dimmed as it was by the cause for which he fought. His valor, as well as that of those who fought with him (of the same race and blood with ourselves, as they are), from Robert E. Lee down to Charles Harris McPhail of the 6th Regiment Virginia Volunteers (as his tombstone announced), should be remembered in honor of American spirit and courage; and let it be hoped that Manassas and Antietam, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, shall be in the future synonyms of American courage and daring, as are Cherubusco, Chepultepec, and Mexico.

Would that the lives sacrificed on both sides might have been spared to their country with all the wealth they would have made; and that same higher statesmanship like that of Wilberforce and Buckstone in the British Parliament might have brought about peacefully the abolition of property in man (with compensation for its loss, if you please) without waiting for the shock of arms to accomplish what to-day stands accomplished by such greater sacrifices of treasure and such great sacrifices of life.

The technicalities of the rights of persons or property should never be allowed to stand as the muniments of public wrongs. If the Federal Constitution is to be the palladium of our liberties let the power be recognized as existing somewhere (in Congress, if you please) that will warrant the just obliteration of rights asserted in derogation of human liberty, whether they be technical corporate rights which in the present are made the engines of oppression of the people or the rights of property in man, asserted as protected by that instrument in the past. There has never been any trouble in divesting the rights of an Indian tribe to a reservation, as soon as it was discovered that it contained a sufficientquantity of gold or other valuable minerals to tempt the cupidity of the requisite number of speculators and Congressmen to bring it about. In what shape *human cupidity* will next threaten the dismemberment of the country none can tell; but do not let us (rather our posterity, it is to be hoped) wait next time until we are in the clutches of a monster to realize

its hideousness; but throttle it at once, without waiting until it "unknits the churlish knot of all abhorred war."

In strange contrast with the national cemeteries of the Union soldiers stand the cemeteries of the Confederate dead. While the graves in the former have marble pieces at head and foot, with names inscribed thereon where known, the graves of the Confederate dead are marked by wooden sticks at either end with numbers stamped on tin labels, fastened thereon. At Fredericksburg, in what contrast stands the Union cemetery with the Confederate soldier side of the cemetery of that place. The latter is very much neglected, the tin labels having in many cases dropped off, while the Union cemetery is kept in a neat and tidy condition at the expense of the government, with a Superintendant always in charge to give information and keep it in order. What a sigh comes from the heart as we read that of the 15,243 soldiers interred in the Union cemetery at Fredericksburg, 12,770 are unknown, while in the Union cemetery at Richmond, on the Williamsburg road, of the 6,529 soldiers interred, only 838 are known, and a like story is told at the Fair Oaks Cemetery. What a tale is told in this number of unknown; and may we not mourn the fate of those, *ungathered in cemeteries*, who have literally gone to be "brothers to the insensible clod, which the rude swain turns with his share and treads upon," with nothing to indicate to whom honor is due; only the absence of the face from the hearthstone and the aching void in the hearts of kindred and friends serve to perpetuate the glory of the unknown dead.

May we say with Sothern:

> "Dost thou know the fate of soldiers?
> They're but ambitious tools to cut a way to her unlawful ends."

This is not true of the Union dead, although doubtless some of them were the "tools" of ambition; and, so far as the battle of Fredericksburg was concerned, some of them were the victims of incompetency, imbecility or intoxication. Fredericksburg was a chapter of horrors! Nothing but insanity or drunkenness could have planned that attack in front upon the Confederate position on Maries Heights. In looking down from the stone wall of the cemetery what a long unbroken sweep the Confederates

had against the advancing forces; and the frightful slaughter which ensued and could easily have been foretold is only indicated by the story told me by an officer of Longstreet's corps, that the next day after the withdrawal of the Union troops you could walk from the road fronting the cemetery down to Fredericksburg, a distance of from one-half to three-quarters of a mile, on the Union dead, without touching the ground, so thickly were they strewn. It was madness to advance human beings in the open field against the storm of fire which the shelter of that stone wall allowed to be poured upon our men. The cottage of the old dame who during that battle ran up and down the Confederate lines cheering her brethren, without receiving a scratch, still stands by the roadside, marked all over with bullets, and she still survives, and lives in it. She was angry at once before having been turned out of her house on the announcement of the coming of the Yankees, and, on her returning from this false alarm, swore that she would not leave it again, and did not, although the fiercest of that fierce fight raged all around her and her home. The folly of Fredericksburg was proven by the battle of Chancellorsville, when Maries Heights was reached in the rear by Sedgwick; and by the Grant campaign, when his army passed around Fredericksburg, leaving it in their rear after the Battle of the Wilderness.

As I stood by grave No. 2,647 at Fredericksburg, that of J. H. Martin, the inquiry suggested itself, was that the grave of Corporal Joseph H. Martin of my own company; but on reading further discovered that the deceased had been killed at Gettysburg, so that it could not have been he unless he subsequently re-enlisted. Many of us would doubtless have been in that list of unknown had we not been saved many of the perils of the war by the shortness of our term of enlistment. Our patriotism was proved by our enlistment, and I know that the Regiment was always ready to obey orders, and always did its duty. Many of our Regiment as well as many of our comrades who re-enlisted sealed with their blood their devotion to the flag. It was not our faults that we were considered too raw to be put into the front at the second battle of Bull's Run; and it was not our faults that we were considered so necessary for the defense of Washington that we were not ordered to the fields of South Mountain

and Antietam. Let the services of the Regiment at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville silence all cavil, if any there be.

In looking over an old letter written from the camp on Minor's Hill, October 5th, 1862, I find that I stated that "in the forenoons from 8 to 11 we are drilled in company drill, while the afternoons from 2 to moon-shine are spent in regimental or brigade drill. Yesterday afternoon the boys were kept out by the Brigadier until the stars were commencing to shine. If we were marched in review once a week, the men would take pride in these reviews; but when it becomes the order of the afternoon for a week at a time the men conduct themselves with a careless indifference which the most vigorous discipline cannot overcome."

From this I judge that I very soon found out that I had made a mistake in not enlisting as a Brigadier General; and I know that after carrying a musket for three months I was detailed on extra duty at Brigade headquarters, and this was probably, in my position, the best thing that could have happened, not having enlisted as a Brigadier General.

At the close of the second battle of Bull's Run, you will remember the circumstance, of our having been ordered to Centreville; and beyond Fairfax Court House, which we reached by a forced march, we were met by a staff officer, who, when told by Col. Franklin, in reply to his question, that we were going to Centreville, according to orders, replied, "going to hell," and put us in line of battle for the night a short distance beyond. The worst of us might have already reached that undesirable destination if our march to Centreville had not been stopped. You will remember that the rain came down in torrents that night, and I have no doubt that many of you like myself expected to be put in the hospital the next day; but, strange to say, although that was my first experience in staying out all night in the rain, I was very agreeably disappointed in the result and did not suffer in the least from the exposures of that night.

The feat of getting a canteen of whisky to Lieut. Fell, and the boys of my company, who were "stuck in the mud" with Burnside, considering the depth of the mud on that occasion, was one which earned me the everlasting gratitude of the boys, whether my country shall ever appreciate the service or not.

On the occasion of a recent trip to Fredericksburg, I stood in front of the Lacy House, in the position from which I had viewed the battle, and looking over the quiet town there was nought to remind me of its former conflict save the flag which quietly floated on the breeze and the green mounds of the cemetery on Maries Heights. How changed the scene! The smoke of the factories had taken the place of the smoke of powder; the rattle of the shuttle, instead of the rattle of musketry; and the roaring of the waters of the Rappahannock in the place of the roaring of artillery. May these scenes never again be disturbed by the conflict of arms. In going through Falmouth to remind me of my former trip, I saw the same old couple leaning over the garden gate of the cottage on the hill coming out of the town, that I had seen nearly twenty years before. Old then, but older and decrepit now; survivors of the ravages of both time and war.

The battle fields of the war teach many lessons in peace. Between the Union and Confederate rifle pits, on the nine mile road beyond Fair Oaks (relics of the Grant campaign), I picked up, lying peacefully side by side (having both, perhaps, performed their missions of death), the round bullet of the Confederate and the elongated minnie ball of the Union soldier. To err is human, to forgive divine; so should we of the two sides, since our missions of death and destruction are over, stand side by side and work shoulder to shoulder to restore the prosperity of the country, develop her natural resources and do all that lies within our power to promote her glory and maintain the dignity of American citizenship. We of the North, in the exultation of our success, showing that magnanimity which our success renders us bound to extend. They of the South, showing in their defeat the proper regret for their faults, so that the South shall say to the North, "give-up," and the North to the South, "keep not back."

Let our regrets and our sorrows be mingled together for the lost and the slain, of our homes and our firesides, who are,

> "By the flow of the inland river,
> Where the fleets of iron have fled,
> Where the blades of the new grass quiver,
> Asleep in the ranks of the dead."

"So when the summer calleth,
On forest and fields of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth,
The cooling drip of the rain.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Wet with the rain the Blue,
Wet with the rain the Gray.

"Sadly but not with up-braiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

"These in the robing of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray.

"No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding river be red,
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

HISTORY.

BY JOHN SMITH, D. D. S., OF LANCASTER, PA.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES:

In the month of July, 1862, Emlen Franklin, of the city of Lancaster, Pa., who had served as Captain in the First Regiment, received authority from Gov. Curtin to recruit a regiment for nine months service. Establishing a camp a mile and a-half east of Lancaster, recruiting was actively prosecuted, and, with remarkable rapidity, fourteen companies were organized and assembled at the rendezvous. On the 12th of August ten of the companies were organized in a regiment, designated the One Hundred and Twenty-Second, with the following field officers: Emlen Franklin, Colonel; Edward McGovern, Lieut. Colonel; Thaddeus Stevens, Jr., Major.

The field officers had all seen service: Lieut. Col. Edward McGovern had been a Captain in the 79th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Major Stevens a private in the three months' service, Captain Emlen Franklin's Company.

Regimental Staff Officers.

Adjutant, First Lieut. Daniel H. Heitshu; Quartermaster, First Lieut. John T. MacGonigle; Surgeon, Wm. C. Lane; Assistant Surgeons, Washington Burg and I. C. Hogendobler; Chaplain, Elam Kirk.

Regimental Non-Commissioned Staff Officers.

Sergeant Major, Wm. H. H. Bockius; Quartermaster Sergeant, Jacob Martin; Commissary Sergeant, Daniel S. Bursk; Hospital Steward, Andrew N. Thomas; Color Bearer Sergeant, Martin H. Dorwart, and, afterward, Corporal John S. Smith and Corporal John M. McFalls; Markers, Private Clark Whitson, Private Stape.

Musicians.

Drum Major, John P. Shindle; John D. Hughes, Francis P. McCullon, John M. Row, Wm. B. Hindman, Jacob Dutterline, Jesse McQuaide, Wm. Watt, L. De W. Breneman, Wm. D. Shenck, George Mancha, John Hull, John W. Hubley, M. A. Hambright, Rob't P. Taggart, Frank S. Cochran, Charles Yackley, Thos. McCoy, Henry T. Yackley, Leonard Strickler, Washington Potts, Wm. N. Fisher.

The Commissioned Officers of the Companies.

Company A—Captain, George Musser, and afterwards Captain George M. Franklin: First Lieut., J. P. Weise; Second Lieut., Thos. Dinan.

Company B—Captain, Thaddeus Stevens, Jr., and, afterward, Samuel W. Rowe; First Lieut., Edward T. Hager; Second Lieut., Jacob C. Brubaker.

Company C—Captain, Smith P. Galt; First Lieut., Robert J. Nevin; Second Lieut., S. G. Behmer.

Company D—Captain, J. Miller Raub; First Lieut., Daniel H. Heitshu, and, afterward, John C. Long; Second Lieut., Hiram Stamm.

Company E—Captain, Andrew R. Byerly; First Lieut., Dan'l H. Herr; Second Lieut., David N. Fell.

Company F—Captain, B. F. Baer, and afterward James F. Ricksecker; First Lieut., John Leaman; Second Lieut., George E. Zellers.

Company G—Captain, Jefferson N. Neff, and, afterward, John P. Kilburn; First Lieut., Henry N. Breneman; Second Lieut., Isaac S. Mulliken.

Company H—Captain, Louis H. Audenreid; First Lieut., Emanuel Gundaker; Second Lieut., Thomas M. Sumption.

Company I—Captain, John M. Amweg, and, afterward, H. W. Gara; First Lieut., Wm. C. Reed; Second Lieut., Henry A. Trost.

Company K—Captain, Wm. F. Duncan; First Lieut., D. K. Springer; Second Lieut., Emanuel C. Dorwart.

In the early Spring of 1862, Capt. Jefferson N. Neff, First Lieut. H. N. Breneman, Sergeant Jacob Buckwalter, Sergeant Isaac Mulliken, Sergeant John V. Hiestand, Corporal John S.

Smith and others recruited a company of about 45 men and took the name of Strasburg "Home Guards." Jefferson N. Neff, the Captain of the "Guards," tendered the services of the Company, which had been drilled in the manual of arms, to Colonel Franklin to form the new Regiment. The men nearly all passed the requisite examination, were duly sworn into the service and accepted, and subsequently became Company "G," 122d Regiment. The Company was then recruited to the maximum standard from the other recruits at the *rendezvous*. The commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the "Guards" kept their relative respective rank, and marched from Strasburg to Lancaster, a distance of over eight miles.

The Regiment was almost exclusively from Lancaster county, and with the exception of the officers had but little knowledge of military duty, and, with the exception of Company G, but few of the men belonging to the other companies had ever been drilled. Company drill was promptly commenced, but before it had been carried very far the Regiment was ordered to Washington, it having been necessary that all available forces should be gathered about the Capital.

On the 14th of August, 1862, the Regiment broke camp and proceeded to Harrisburg, where it was fully armed and equipped, and, upon its arrival at Washington on the 16th, it was reported to Gen. Casey, then in command of the defenses of the city. While quartered at the "Soldiers' Retreat," the Commanding General was so well pleased with the fine appearance and soldierly bearing of the men, as to request its Colonel to remain in the city for provost duty. This Col. Franklin respectfully declined to do, and added, "that the 122d Regiment had enlisted for active duty in the field, not to play Sunday soldier at Washington." The Regiment was at once ordered to Virginia, crossing over the Long Bridge about 2 o'clock p. m. of the 16th, under a burning sun, with two days rations. The Regiment marched a few miles and bivouacked for the night, the first time on Virginia soil. The following day a camping place was selected in an orchard a short distance west of the first stopping place, and was called "Camp Peach Orchard." Here our "First mail" arrived from home. All the boys were anxiously waiting for its arrival from day to day, and at last orders were published, "The mail has come."

After the distribution a close observer could easily notice among the anxious throng who had written the love letters at home, and those who were doomed to disappointment at not receiving an answer by the first mail.

The Next Move.

The next move brought the Regiment to a point on the Orange and Alexander railroad near Cloud's Mills, opposite Georgetown, where the next camp was established. An Ohio battery and the 12th New Hampshire joined us here, greatly to the delight of the boys, who quickly gathered around the guns of the battery, asking many questions concerning them, how far they would "shoot," etc. The artillerymen, of course would,invariably tell us all they knew concerning their arm of the service.

The camp, now fairly established, was laid out in five single streets formed by "pitching"the tents in two parallel lines,about 30 paces apart, with the officers' quarters on the right, and the cook house on the left of the camp. Strict sanitary regulations were adopted at once, and a police squad detailed every day to "clean up." A guard house is one of the appointments of a camp, and a hospital, but, as there seemed to be no demand for either, none was erected at "Camp Peach Orchard." This spoke well of the behavior and health of the Regiment.

Squad, company and regimental drill was promptly commenced. The manœuvring, awkward at first, soon became quite proficient under the discipline and training of the field and line officers, and in an incredibly short time the Regiment made a creditable dress parade.

The boys, having became accustomed to guard-mount and camp life, began to long for more active service in the field. For this they had not long to wait. Gen. McClellan had withdrawn his army from the Peninsula and his camp fires could now be plainly seen from our camp. The army of Virginia, under General Pope, was threatened by Lee, who was rapidly advancing northward. A battle must soon take place between the two opposing forces. For several days contrabands and straggling soldiers were pouring in from the front, down the track of the Orange and Alexander railroad towards Alexander. They were a sad looking party to gaze upon. Each one in turn related his or

her (for there were women among them,) own sad story, as to how things were transpiring at the front. The boys of our Regiment, of course, took it all in, and believed their wish to get into more active service would be soon realized.

Later, the rumbling of distant cannonading was heard in the direction of Bull's Run. Later still, the roaring of the artillery became more distinct as the fighting became more general, and the battle field shifted closer.

There was now great excitement at Washington, and grave apprehension was felt for its safety. Two great armies had been testing each other for the mastery during the past two days with varied success on both sides, and the situation had taken on a serious aspect. The Union Commander must have all the available forces he could get from the Capital and its surroundings.

Col. Franklin received orders to move his regiment to the front. The camp, heretofore rather quiet, now assumed a lively appearance, preparing for the march.

On September 1st the Regiment and the attached battery of artillery broke camp, leaving the camp equipage in charge of Lieut. James F. Ricksecker, of Company F.

The day was hot and the roads dusty. The command pushed rapidly on. Long lines of ambulances, crowded with the dying and the wounded from Pope's army, were met along the road, the sights almost sickening to behold. Methinks I can see the ghastly face and up-turned eye, glazed in the last death struggle. It was a hard sight for the young and, as yet, untried Regiment to witness. Notwithstanding all the apparent discouragements, the boys marched forward like trained veterans. Broken caissons, artillery carriages, disabled horses, and thousands of stragglers were met in turn all that memorable afternoon. The old veterans gracefully saluted the "new Regiment," with "Where did you get your new clothes," "You will get them spoiled before you stay long at Bull's Run," "Fresh fish!" and like expressions were freely indulged in, to the amusement of the boys, who always had a ready answer for the "old veterans." In regard to the remarks about "our new clothes" we were inclined to believe there might be more truth than fiction in what the old veterans had predicted.

The army of Virginia, under Pope, had been fighting for the past three days with varied success and defeat, and at the last had been forced back to Centerville. This had accounted for the scenes witnessed by the Regiment during the past few days.

On the 31st of August, the day after the battle of Groveton, General Lee ordered "Stonewall" Jackson forward toward Fairfax, to turn the Union right, and Pope sent McDowell, Heintzelman and Reno in that direction, intending to attack on the morning of the 2nd of September.

But the heads of the two forces come in contact just before dark on the 1st, at Ox Hill, near Chantilly. A fearful thunder storm was raging, in the midst of which the engagement began. The 122d Regiment had, just before the storm burst upon us, reached a point about one mile east of Fairfax, where it halted. Orders were given to "unsling knapsacks," and "load." The knapsacks and all the private property which the boys possessed, together with their new overcoats, and woolen blankets, and gum blankets which were rolled up and slung around our shoulders, were stacked in a field close to the road and a guard detailed to guard them. The guards were subsequently ordered to burn the property to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. The regiment marched beyond Fairfax to the edge of the woods west of the town, the firing of musketry becoming louder and louder and more distinct as we approached the scene of conflict in which Gen. Stevens' Division of Reno's Corps was being forced back by Jackson's men. The rain was now falling in torrents and the vivid lightning flash was almost blinding as it lighted up the darkness around, for it was now night. Gen. Stevens had just been killed in the front. Gen. Kearney now rushed in with his dashing bravery, and, riding forward alone, in advance of his men, to reconnoitre the ground, fell in with a Confederate soldier, from whom he inquired the position of a regiment, when the soldier fired and Kearney fell from his saddle mortally wounded.

After the death of these two brave Generals, and darkness had closed the action, the 122d Regiment with the battery received orders from their officers to counter-march, and with the rest of the army, which was now falling back to Fairfax, took a position about one and a-half miles north of the town, and lay on their arms that night. With the battle of Chantilly, or Ox Hill, as the

Confederates named it, closed Pope's campaign in Virginia. On Sept. 2nd, the 122d was assigned to General Piatt's Brigade, now temporarily attached to Porter's Corps, which subsequently became the Third of the Third Division, Third Corps. After lying in line of battle until 2 o'clock on the 2nd, awaiting an attack from the enemy, who was now advancing on our shattered and retreating columns, the division to which the Regiment was attached with Porter's Corps slowly withdrew, covering the retreat, the enemy constantly firing on our rear till late in the afternoon, when he gave up the pursuit, to Alexander. It was not until late in the evening of the same day our Regiment halted for supper and a little needed rest. Our rations long before had been exhausted, and foraging had been resorted to during the march. The boys resolved not to want if any live stock or vegetables could be had for the trouble of securing them. Company "K" had already distinguished itself in this capacity, which was plainly noticeable by the number of old cows and sheep they managed to secure at the point of the bayonet.

The foraging was not altogether confined to Company "K" on that memorable afternoon, as there were more hungry soldiers besides those who were not too modest to replenish their depleted haversacks and hungry stomachs; so others killed sheep and hogs, and took potatoes where they could find them. Notable among these was the "bold Irishman," Tommy Tillbrook by name, a private of Company "G." He was not satisfied with what he took from the old farmers. At supper, while one of the extremely modest men of the Company, Corporal No. 4, Company G, was roasting the morsel of "cow" on a stick, having potatoes in the ashes going through the roasting process, he stepped behind him and with a hook pulled them out of the fire from between the Corporal's legs and ate them, at the expense of a hearty laugh and a very empty stomach, and this was all for fun. The scanty meal having been served without coffee or other "side dishes," the march was again resumed, and soon after midnight we found ourselves within the defenses of Washington.

Our Brigade was at once marched back to Miner's Hill, to a point about six miles to the west of Georgetown. This being now the extreme front, a detail of the Regiment was placed on picket for the night. The place of bivouac was surrounded by a dense

forest of pines. Gen. Piatt ordered that all the roads leading to the place should be blockaded by felling trees across them, thus guarding the approach from cavalry and artillery. This being the first time the regiment was on picket, it offered a favorable opportunity to test the endurance and vigilance of the men on that dark September night.

No greater strain ever had been placed upon a similar body of men so recently taken from civil life.

An Incident.

About one hour after the line was established a noise was heard among the dense undergrowth, apparently approaching the line in front. Thinking Mosby's Guerrillas were prowling about, as we had met a few of them (supposed to be) on a former occasion, the trusty, but tired, soldier, not wishing to be taken prisoner without some resistance, or, at least, giving the alarm, raised his musket to a ready. Click, click, went the lock, a pause for a moment, and there was silence again. The musket was lowered, and the soldier again allowed his mind to revel in thoughts of home and friends far away, and the excitement of the previous day. Next morning an experience meeting was held, when the past night's adventures were discussed in soldier style. Our picket line was relieved about 11 a. m., when the hungry and tired boys made their way back to camp, in a clearing of underbrush on Miner's Hill, which the boys christened "Camp Dung Hill." In a few days the Regiment moved with the Brigade at midnight, making a detour of about twelve miles, bringing up near Alexander, just back of the Alms House. This march was called "swinging around the circle."

The same evening, in the midst of a thunder storm, the Regiment moved over to Fort Richards, and occupied the rifle pits, where it remained for some time. Forts Allen, Whipple, and at Fairfax Seminary were places subsequently successfully occupied, spending little time at any one place. In September when the Confederates were invading Maryland, Washington being again threatened, the Regiment and Brigade to which it belonged were sent again to Miner's Hill, beyond the immediate defenses of Washington, an extreme out-post. The Regiment remained here until the middle of October, engaged in drilling

and picket duty. Here the Regiment received its colors. A color guard was now appointed on daily duty, eight (8) Corporals and one (1) Sergeant taken from the nine different companies, viz.: Martin H. Dorwart, Sergeant, Company A; James Taylor, Corporal, Company B; ——— ———, Corporal, Company C; John M. Falls, Corporal, Company D; Joseph McGowen, Corporal, Company E; James Black, Corporal, Company F; John S. Smith, Corporal, Company G; ——— ———, Corporal, Company H; ——— ———, Corporal, Company I; John S. Killinger, Corporal, Company K; Markers, Private Clark Whitson, Company E; Private Stape, Co. K.

Lieut. Colonel Edward McGovern joined the Regiment here.

About this time the Brigade, heretofore on detached duty, was assigned to Whipple's Division, doing duty in the defenses of Washington. The Regiment soon attained the distinction of being the best drilled and disciplined in the Division, which it maintained until it was mustered out. On the 18th of October the Brigade broke camp, crossed the Potomac at Georgetown, and marched to Washington, where it joined the troops under Whipple and Williams, about 20,000 strong, and proceeded at once to join the Army of the Potomac, under McClellan, in Maryland. The troops arrived at Sandy Hook about the 21st, in good spirits, ready for any forward movement they might be called on to carry out. The battles of Antietam and South Mountain having been fought and Lee's army having made their escape across the river, this efficient body of troops went into camp.

The crossing of the Potomac began on the 26th of October and continued until the 2d of November, when the whole army was over.

Leaving 15,000 men at and around Harper's Ferry, the army marched more than 100,000 strong, besides Whipple's and Williams' Divisions of 20,000, detached from the forces at Washington.

As soon as Lee was aware of the threatening movement of McClellan, he hastened to counteract it by moving southward in the same direction.

Jackson with his own Corps and Stuart's Cavalry were halted to observe and, if occasion was given, assail the Union forces

upon its march, while the Commander of the army proceeded up the valley of the Shenandoah.

The Regiment broke camp above Sandy Hook, from thence marched to Berlin, where it halted for the night, and crossed the pontoon bridge on the following day in the midst of a rain storm, which set in during the early morning, and reached Lovettsville near evening of the 30th of October. The storm commenced with a drizzling rain, now became more violent, and during the night many of our tents were razed to the ground, and the boys arose next morning completely drenched with the rain; this, added to the cheerless surroundings, mud and cold, caused many to think of the comfortable homes left behind only a short time previous.

The campfires were kindled, and soon our camp was all aglow and the boys made themselves more comfortable.

This was only the beginning of the hardships to be endured later in the campaign.

Our stay was short at Lovettsville. Hillsborough was the next stopping place of any note, where the Regiment went into camp on the "hill" back of the town. Our Division was inspected here. This detained us for some time, and the boys took advantage of the occasion,when off duty, to inspect the surrounding vicinity, taking the precaution not to venture too far from our camp.

Sergeant Henry S. Skeen, of Company "G," was sent away from this camp sick, and subsequently died at Berlin Hospital.

After inspection the line of march was again resumed, marching about ten miles a day through favorable weather, halting, sometimes for a day or two, other times for the night.

Snickersville is a small country town on the south side of the Blue Ridge. At this place the mountain range is divided by Snicker's Gap. Just before the head of Whipple's Division passed this point, Stuart's cavalry made a dash through the Gap at the advance columns. A short artillery duel ensued, and the enemy was driven back. Whipple's Division was halted and drawn up into line of battle, but did not get a chance to fire a shot. It should be remembered, for days the two hostile columns were moving parallel to each other, only a few miles apart, but with the Blue Mountains between them. Without any further interruption from the enemy, the head of our column pushed for-

ward, and divided at a point near Upperville, on or about the 5th of November, where it halted a short time; from thence it proceeded to Piedmont.

Our column had been attacked by Stuart, and it was feared he would make another dash through Manassas Gap, to cut off our supply trains. Accordingly, Gen. Piatt was ordered with his Brigade, consisting of the 122d Pa., 124th N. Y., 86th N. Y. and the Ohio Battery of Artillery, to proceed up Manassas Gap to reconnoitre. The command left Piedmont on the 6th, and encountered the enemy's picket post several miles from the Shenandoah. The artillery opened fire, and the enemy mounted horses and fled at the first shot. A few shells were fired at our battery from a rebel field piece stationed on the opposite hill, passing harmlessly over the artillery and the 122d in support of the Battery.

This marked a new era in the soldier life of our boys, this being their first baptism of fire. After the firing ceased the infantry advanced through the brush and undergrowth, and skirmishers were thrown on the flanks. Company K, of 122d, deployed on the left of the line and made a few captures, being their first experience in that line of warfare.

The Brigade was formed in line of battle on each side of the road in an open field, advanced some distance and halted. It again broke into columns and marched up the road to within a short distance of a small village nestled at the foot of the mountain. The road here made an abrupt bend, losing its course in the deep and narrow cut which leads out to Front Royal. Not being able to push the skirmishers beyond this point with safety, the column was counter-marched, and returned to camp, arriving on the evening of the 9th, hungry and foot-sore.

Incidents of the March.

There was a good opportunity for the boys to forage on the way back. Chickens, turkeys and steers were taken, in spite of the efforts made by Piatt's staff to prevent it.

A few of Company K's men, of the 122d, rode back to camp on a pair of oxen.

The Chaplain, with a few of the 122d, made a raid on a persimmon tree, a short distance from the marching column. The Com-

manding General happening to see them, after a quantity of the luscious fruit had been clubbed to the ground, approaching the party with a brace of Colt's revolvers, swore he would shoot the first man that would attempt to pick the persimmons up. Notwithstanding the threat, the brave but hungry boys picked up what they could and carried them away in triumph.

When the Regiment left Piedmont the boys took two days' rations with them. Many failed to take their ration of bacon. Instead they took double rations of coffee and sugar, thinking, perhaps, it would be more convenient to carry, and as they did not feel particularly partial to bacon just then; at any rate, they would depend on chance in their temporary absence. The severe marching on the return march brought many of those anti-bacon boys to their senses as well as their appetite, and they were glad to effect an exchange of coffee for bacon when they could find a "bacon man" who had been more "penny wise" than "pound foolish." Notwithstanding the fatigue of the marching the boys seemed to enjoy the trip with becoming fortitude, and the adventure became the subject of numerous adventures and hair-breadth escapes which were subsequently related around the campfires. Upon our return to Piedmont shoes were issued and our overcoats, which were lost at Fairfax, replaced. The same black November night the command moved through rain and sleet about four miles and bivouacked in a dense wood near an old farm house. The boys made a raid for straw, but, as usual, got little of the precious article for their trouble. Next morning our tents were covered with "the beautiful snow." A dental operation was performed in the night by Corporal Smith by placing his patient upon a pile of knapsacks before a campfire, and he extracted the offender, to the great joy and after-comfort of the soldier. This was not the first nor did it prove the last sufferer the Corporal relieved during the nine months campaign. Olean was reached in due time, and Waterloo came next. Here a foraging party was sent out, consisting of details from Companies "F" and "H," Company F losing one man, and Company H five men by capture.

The roads were heavy, and it was with difficulty the supply trains could move. In consequence, the men suffered considerably for the proper quantity of rations, "hard tack" being at a pre-

mium, and the mud too plentiful for comfort. Lee's movements were closely watched, as our forces were daily expecting an attack. No general demonstrations being made, however, our columns pushed slowly forward to Warrenton, where the Army of the Potomac was massed. By this time Lee had the advance of McClellan, and succeeded in passing from the valley of the Shenandoah into that of the Rappahannock, and took position at Culpepper, a half score of miles to the north of Warrenton. But in effecting this operation Lee had played into his opponent's hands and gave him an opportunity to strike more favorably than he had dared to anticipate.

General McClellan resolved to assault. But this intent of vigorous action came too late. His removal from the command had been resolved upon. Upon the stormy night of the 9th of November, when McClellan had given directions for the next two days, a messenger from Washington reached the headquarters of the army, bearing an order dated two days before, removing him from the command of the army and directing Burnside to assume it. Burnside now organized his forces into three "grand divisions," Sumner being placed in command of the "Right," Hooker of the "Centre," and Franklin of the "Left."

Piatt's brigade, to which the 122d belonged, became the Third in the Third Division (Whipple's), Third Corps (Stoneman's), and assigned to Hooker's Centre Grand Division. Burnside began his movement from Warrenton to Fredericksburg on the 15th of November. On the 18th General Stuart's cavalry made a bold dash upon Warrenton, but the Federal army had gone. After leaving Warrenton a drizzling rain set in, through which the Regiment marched, as did the rest of the army, marching about ten miles during the day, and bivouacked in the mud that night. It was now the men suffered most for rations, and the inclement weather and exposure began to have a telling effect upon the health of the men.

Our commissary failed to supply the men with adequate rations, owing to the bad condition of the roads. At this time many of the men went from two to three days with as many hard tack. Especially was this the experience of the infantry; the artillery men fared better. Still we heard no complaint against our Genial Quartermaster of the Regiment, Captain John T. Mac

Gonigle, as he had always fed the boys when it was practical so to do.

We laid the blame on Stuart, thinking he had made a dash at our long supply trains in the rear. In this, however, we were mistaken as he had always failed to accomplish his purpose. About this time, upon a certain night, a soldier of the Regiment, after a ten miles march through a cold rain, lay himself down to sleep upon the wet, cold ground, supperless and chilled, with only his gum blanket under him and a woollen blanket over him. He dreamed that night of home and plenty, with tempting viands spread before him. He was about in the act to appease the cravings of hunger when he awoke, and, to his surprise, found it was all a dream; and this was not all, the rain had completely drenched him in his lowly quarters. On the 20th of November the regiment arrived at Falmouth and went into camp near Stoneman's Station, where it lay until the army moved on the Fredericksburg campaign, in December. Lee's army was now secure behind his defenses on the opposite side of the Rappahannock, where he assumed the defensive.

On the 11th of December General Burnside put his columns in motion for an attack on the enemy holding the heights above Fredericksburg.

The army was never in better condition to meet its great adversary than now, or more eager to march on the foe. On that bright cool December morning, when the drums and bugles of the different regiments sounded the long role to "fall in," it was a grand sight that fell upon the eye never to be forgotten. To see these trained veterans march into line as though they were going on dress parade was a sight too grand and sublime for mortal pen to portray at this late day. Having forced a crossing of the river with part of the army, a portion still remained on the north bank. On the afternoon of the 12th Piatt's Brigade was ordered to cross in front of the town. The 122d Regiment succeeded in getting fairly upon the pontoon bridge as the 124th New York came over the brow of the hill, (the 86th N. Y. had taken another direction over the hill and marched up the river,) and attracted the attention of the rebel gunners, when they opened fire from their battery. Having good range of the bridge the shells passed over the 122d harmlessly and exploded among

the men of the 12th New Hampshire, who were about to enter, a number of whom were killed and wounded.

The 122d was detained about one-half hour on the bridge, the streets in front having been blocked by artillery. It finally succeeded in crossing under a brisk fire from the battery covering the approaches to the bridge, and marched a short distance up the river bank and took shelter under cover of the high bluffs which rise abruptly to the level of the site upon which Fredericksburg stands. Here the Regiment "stacked arms" and remained until evening, when it recrossed the river, this time undisturbed, and joined the Brigade, and bivouacked in the mud, as did the rest of the Division, until morning.

An Incident.

It is no novelty for incidents to happen to the soldier upon the march, more especially when within sight and reach of the enemy. An entire volume could be filled with them during the progress of a campaign, but a few of the most striking must here suffice.

The boys of the 122d, it will be remembered, received their first "baptism of fire" at Manassas Gap, a few weeks before we reached the banks of the Rappahannock, where they displayed the coolness of veterans; but upon the occasion which we are to relate, the second time we were under fire, the surprise and shock was too great for the nerves to endure without manifesting at least a few signs of fear. Just as the Regiment had fairly got upon the bridge, a band, stationed on the north bank of the river a little below the entrance of the bridge, began to play (we suppose, for the encouragement of the boys,) in a lively strain, the familiar air "Bully for you," one we had sang on many former occasions. Naturally the boys chimed in with the band and, those who could, danced to the music, which was now being poured upon our ears in measured cadence. They also sang the chorus over and over until a screaching shell came over the town and burst a few yards above the bridge. If a thunder clap from a clear sky had burst over the heads of that band and those devoted soldiers they could not have been more frightened; the glorious music was cut short, and the singing and dancing came suddenly to a stop. The heads of the boys went down with a bow as

graceful as if they were all Chesterfields. The band, the gallant band, oh! where were they? they had left the scene of conflict for the shelter of the "big house" on the hill, which was the last we ever saw of them. Our boys, oh, where were they! Still keeping time to the music—now of a different kind—we suppose the Johnnies called it "Away down South in Dixie's Land," and the heads still keep on bobbing up and down to the cadence of that rebel gun, which had so unmercifully tried to either drown or demolish the devoted 122d in their bold attempt to cross the river.

In the Morning.

The night had been spent on the soft side of a "bed of mud," which nature had supplied for the "tired soldier," who had dreamed of home and loved ones. No doubt the dream was disturbed by the recollection of the great excitement of the previous day; however, apparently refreshed, he was ready for another move.

The morning (Saturday) of the 13th broke with a heavy fog resting in the valley and shutting each army from the sight of the other. Before the fog had fairly lifted, Burnside opened with one hundred and fifty (150) heavy guns, posted on the north bank, on the town and enemy's works. The firing continued with great fury (the shock causing the plaster to fall from the rooms of houses over one mile away). The enemy waited till the fog had cleared away before answering the terrible fire from the Federal batteries. The left of the line soon became hotly engaged. Burnside, unsuccessful in his first assault, ordered Hooker, who had held part of the Third Corps in reserve, to advance to the support of his thinned lines. Whipple's Division was hurried over under cover of the fog, and took a position on the right of the right centre, covering the crossing in front of the town. The 122d, with the brigade, crossed about 9 o'clock a. m., and took the same position it had occupied the previous evening. From this place details, by companies, were ordered out on the skirmish line to the right and south of the town in an open sod field, directly in front of the enemy's works, until all the companies were on duty with the exception of Company "E" and the color guard, which received orders to march to the edge of the town and take a position behind an old building. This, no

doubt, was intended for the rallying point in case the skirmishers were driven in. The company remained here under a sharp artillery fire from the enemy's batteries until Gen. Whipple rode up and inquired where the Company belonged, and who was in command. This inquiry was immediately responded to by Captain Beyerly, whereupon Whipple ordered the Company and the colors out on the skirmish line, which was forming back and to the right of the town, with the remark, "that line must be held at all hazards, if it costs the life of every man." At the word of command from Captain Beyerly the Company "fell in" and marched down to the old mill on Front street, and, under an artillery fire which was partially concentrated on the mill, filed into the adjoining yard just as company F, 122d Regiment, filed out through a gateway at the southeast corner of the mill, which led to the open sod field, Company "E" following closely, where they soon gained the skirmish line and deployed. The colors and color bearers became separated at the gateway from Company E as they passed into the sod field, and took shelter in a gangway leading to the basement of the mill until the fire slackened, after which they moved to the line.

An Incident.

While the colors were thus cut off quite a discussion ensued between the six Corporals and the Sergeant who formed the group at the old mill as to whether their place really belonged on the skirmish line or not. While this discussion was going on there was no armistice; the shells came thundering and crashing into the yard, demolishing old wooden sheds adjacent, and through the mill, going in at one end and out at the other, shaking every timber from garret to basement.

Between shots one of the party would venture out to reconnoitre, only to be driven back again by the crash of a shell which passed overhead, or exploded in the yard, or against the mill; three or four attempts were thus made when an officer rode by and demanded of the writer where he belonged. Replying that he belonged to the 122d and was a color Corporal, just as the officer said "this is not the place for the colors to be, you must be on the skirmish line," pointing in that direction, "for the Regiment to rally upon in case they are driven in," a shell struck an old

shed a little to the right of the officer, sending splinters and boards in every direction. This ended the discussion, and probably the officer, as he made his exit immediately and I saw him no more.

By this time the skirmish line had pushed towards the line of the road leading from Fredericksburg to Chancellorsville, which was reached by the color guard with some difficulty. A few minutes subsequently Corporal John S. Smith, at the time carrying the battle flag, was slightly wounded by a piece of shell on the right arm, being the only man of the Regiment wounded on that day. Keeping his place in line, not being much disabled, the case was never officially reported. By evening the Regiment had reached the Orange and Fredericksburg plank road, where it remained until relieved. The line was strengthened for the night by videttes thrown out beyond the lines.

We were so close now as to be able to hear the rebels giving command to their men on the parapets of their works during the night, they no doubt anticipating an attack on the following (Sunday) morning.

The boys gathered rails, laying them lengthwise in the gutter by the roadside behind a bank not more than eighteen inches high, to keep them from the water and mud, and here they lay until morning.

Sunday morning came after a night of weary watching. The day was cold, but clear, and with it aching and stiffened limbs, caused by lying upon our hard bed and wet clothing. Nor was our condition or the position changed with the coming of the day. The men were compelled to crawl about, for they dared not walk erect. At an early hour the battle opened again with all its wanton fury on our left, and continued with unabated violence for hours, until our brave columns were compelled to give up the unequal contest. Our Regiment did not become engaged, but kept a keen eye upon the foe in our front, ready to meet them or charge their intrenched position, if necessary. Notwithstanding our hardships we heard no one complain, as we could see plainly the greater trials our comrades were called on to endure on our left, amidst the carnage which was unmistakably apparent upon that part of the field, and as the long lines of ambulances soon showed by their serpentine windings over the opposite banks of

the river. Methinks we can hear the boys cheer yet, as they gained a little advantage over the enemy; and then the counter "rebel yell," so familiar, when they were driven back at so great a sacrifice of life.

The Regiment remained in the position taken on Saturday night until Monday morning about 2 o'clock, when it was relieved by the 124th N. Y., and then supported a battery south of the town until daylight. While stationed at this point a portion of the picket line, composed of a company of 86th N. Y., were driven in. Company "K," of the 122d, commanded by Captain Duncan, was sent to their support, and the line was quickly restored and securely held. The Company remained on duty until regularly relieved about 9 o'clock a. m., when it joined the Regiment, which had retired to its old position behind the bluffs along the river front.

Early on Saturday morning Brigadier General Piatt, commanding the Third Brigade, met with an accident which disabled him from duty by a fall from his horse, when Colonel Emlen Franklin, of the 122d, was ordered to assume command on the field. The command of the 122d now devolved upon its Lieut. Colonel, Edward McGovern. The 122d Regiment with its Brigade was on duty forty-eight consecutive hours, holding a position of vital importance to the safety of the Federal army. The Regiment sustained no loss during those three memorable days in killed or wounded. Hard duty and exposure, however, had a direful effect upon the general health of the command, subsequently noticeable by the "sick-roll" of the Regiment.

On the night of the 15th, under cover of darkness, in the midst of a rain storm, the Army of the Potomac re-crossed the river, and on the following morning (the 16th), at dawn of day, the 122d reached the north bank of the river, the pontoons were swung back, and the two hostile armies were again separated by the Rappahannock. The army now went into its old camps; the 122d going into its camp near Stoneman's Station. Subsequently, in Burnside's attempt to move, the Regiment endured the peltings of the storm, as did the rest of the army, and when the project was abandoned, on account of the depth of the mud, returned again to camp, a short distance from the site of the old one, at Stoneman's Switch, where it established winter-quar-

ters. The numerical strength of the Regiment was reduced during the following five months from that fatal disease, camp typhoid fever, which carried off many, seemingly the most robust of the men, and of the line officers who fell a victim was Jefferson N. Neff, Captain of Company "G," one of the most efficient and cultured of the Regiment.

The Regiment was always ready to fill its quota for general picket duty on the front during the comparative inactivity of the army which followed the fall campaign. General Hooker replaced Burnside in command of the Army of the Potomac, January 26th, 1863. By the middle of April he had brought it to a high state of efficiency. "It numbered 132,000 men, of whom 13,000 were cavalry. It was divided into seven Corps, under Reynolds, Couch, Sickles, Meade, Sedgwick, Howard, and Slocum, the cavalry being under Stoneman."

Lee's army lay in its old position on the heights of Fredericksburg, across the river, and numbered about 62,000 men, of whom 3,000 were cavalry under Stuart.

In the early Spring Hooker undertook to turn the left flank of Lee's army, and so fall upon its rear.

"On the morning of April 27th the greater part of the Corps of Meade, Howard, and Slocum, about 36,000 strong, broke camp and moved in light marching order up the left bank of the Rappahannock to Kelly's ford, 27 miles beyond the Confederate left."

After moving down to the United States ford, the different Corps moved (after brushing the Confederate forces at the ford) by different roads to Chancellorsville, which had been designated as the place of rendezvous. "Chancellorsville was a few scattered buildings standing on a clearing on the verge of the Wilderness," afterward made historic by the series of battles fought by the Army of the Potomac, under Grant, in the spring of 1864, one year later. "The surface was varied by low ridges, swampy intervals and muddy brooks." Sedgwick and Reynolds were sent to make a threatening demonstration on the Confederate front below Fredericksburg.

Early on the morning of the 29th the Third Corps, under Sickles, to which the 122d Regiment belonged, broke camp and moved to a point below Fredericksburg, opposite Franklin's cross-

ing of the Rappahannock in the Fredericksburg campaign, where it halted. The men having eight days' cooked rations in their haversacks, amply prepared for a protracted and vigorous campaign. The men and officers of the Regiment never looked better, nor were they in better spirits than they seemed to be on the bright morning they marched from their old camp to the strains of marshalled music, which stirred the patriotism of the brave men and officers of the Third Corps, with their undaunted commander, Major General Daniel E. Sickles, at their head. A more beautiful sight could not well be conceived than that which met the eye on that bright April morning, when those devoted brave veterans marched, many of them very soon to be offered as a sacrifice upon their country's altar.

The Third Corps remained upon the north bank of of the river and on the 1st of May it was ordered by Hooker to Chancellorsville. By a rapid day and night's march it reached the United States ford early on Saturday morning, the 2d, when it crossed the river and before night the Corps had all arrived at Chancellorsville.

"Stonewall" Jackson, having been on the extreme rihgt of the Confederate army, in the meantime had made a forced march and joined Lee's columns in front of the Wilderness the day before. All of Friday night he had meditated, says a writer, how he could dispose of his forces so as to turn the Union right. A plan was at last hit upon (aided by an old colored man as guide) to gain the extreme right of Hooker's army. Jackson made a detour of 15 miles, which brought him within 2 milès to the west of Howard's position. On Saturday evening, May 2d, at 5 o'clock, Jackson burst upon Howard's position, which was weakly posted, being in military phrase "in the air," taking the Eleventh Corps by surprise while the men were preparng supper. "The regiments on which the shock first fell scattered without firing a shot," were broken and driven in and swarmed down the plank road towards the centre to within half a mile of Chancellorsville. "The tide of disaster was fortunately checked by General Pleasonton with but two regiments of cavelry and a horse battery. Taking a score of guns from the debris of Howard's Corps he ordered them to be double-shotted. He ordered his cavalry to charge into the woods to check the pursuit for a few

minutes. "The guns were pointed low." "The enemy dashed straight towards the guns," but their lines were swept back with terrible slaughter.

At this time Sickles' Corps, part of which was in reserve, was near the Chancellorsville House, composed of Whipple's, Williams' and Berry's Divisions. With Berry's only he tried to check the fugitives from Howard's Corps—some of whom were shot down, and sabered by the staff—but the panic-stricken crowd, many with bayonets fixed, charged through them to the rear. Wagons, horses, mules, and men came dashing through the woods at break-neck speed, and, sweeping on through the darkness, only to be seen in the light of the flashing artillery which belched forth the missiles of destruction. "Berry's Division finally passed through the flying hosts and poured a tremendous fire of artillery up the road into the woods."

Jackson was mortally wounded and the rebel columns were stayed.

"During the night Sickles reformed his lines, bringing up part of the Division of Whipple, and, by a bold night attack, pushed back the enemy and regained a part of the lost breast-works, posting his artillery so as to sweep the open ground about the Chancellor House."

"At early dawn (Sunday the 3d), as the fog lifted, Stuart moved to attack Sickles. The battle opened in Sickles' front with terrible earnestness, the rebels seeming determined to break through, and by unwonted daring avenge the fall of the leader."

"Berry's and Birney's Divisions being in the front received the first attack. Whipple's and Williams' Divisions, which were held in reserve, were at once advanced to the front. The enemy came pouring through the woods in a solid mass, receiving in their faces the terrible hail storm which burst like the fury of a tornado from Berry's, Birney's, Whipple's, and Williams' lines." Colonel Emlen Franklin, commanding the Third Brigade of Whipple's Division, was ordered early in the morning to support Best's artillery, posted on the left of the road leading past Chancellorsville to Fredericksburg. He accordingly placed the Brigade in columns of Regiment in the rear of the batteries in the following order: 86th N. Y. V. Volunteers in front; 124th N. Y. V. Volunteers in the centre, and the 122d Pa. Vol. in the rear, com-

manded by Lieut. Colonel Edward McGovern. Here the Brigade lay for some time with Birdan's sharp-shooters posted in the trees in the immediate neighborhood, and to the left of the line, who did good service throughout the action which followed. On the rebels came. The Brigade was at once formed in line of battle to receive them. The head of the column crossing the road to the right, the line was formed with the 86th N. Y. on the left, the 124th N. Y. in the centre, and the 122d. Pa. on the right. The sharp-shooters kept up a steady fire from the trees. The artillery opened with firing shells into the woods and beyond on the enemy. Notwithstanding the severe fire from the batteries, they came creeping through the underbrush towards the batteries. As the enemy approached, the Federal infantry became hotly engaged. The Third Brigade advanced to meet them. Colonel Franklin could be seen riding up and down the line, seemingly regardless of the hail storm of lead flying around him, encouraging his men. The enemy was stayed and the batteries saved from falling into their hands. As the Brigade pushed forward, holding the ground it had won, the enemy made a flank movement which nearly proved a disaster to the 122d Regiment, which was flanked. Noticing the change things had assumed, the commander of the Regiment gave the command to change front on right company. The right half of the Regiment obeyed the order, faced the direction from where the fire was coming, thus keeping the enemy at bay; but, owing to the din and noise of battle, the left of the battalion, not hearing the command, kept advancing forward, thus exposing it to a raking fire. Regardless of this they pushed forward until the enemy's breast works were reached. Here a number of prisoners were taken, the rebels throwing down their arms, and the boys marched them to the rear.

The underbrush to the right still swarmed with the enemy. The right of the Regiment fell back a little and lay down, and now the 40 pieces of artillery, under Best, hurled in the grape and canister. "The advancing columns were cut up and gashed as if pierced, seamed, and ploughed by invincible lightning. Companies and regiments melted away, yet still they came."

Berry's and Birney's men now advanced to meet them. "There were terrible shocks. The long waves rolled against each other, as you have seen the billows on a stormy sea. The enemy, as if

maddened by the obstinacy of these handfuls of men, rushed up to the muzzles of the cannon, only to be swept back, leaving long lines of dead where the grape swept through."

"In the annals of the war," says an eye witness, "there has been no greater manifestation of desperation than that shown by the rebels that Sunday morning."

"General Hooker had been hit with a spent shot from Hazel Grove and fell from the concussion. There was no one to send the needed support to Sickles when requested. Sickles could not hold out against the tremendous odds without assistance. Gradually he was driven in." The Corps fell back to the rear of the line, more contracted and more easily defensible, which was fortified during the night, and against this the fury of the storm spent itself.

The loss of the Regiment in this desperate encounter was one hundred and thirty-five in killed and wounded, besides a number taken prisoner.

The Regiment lay behind the temporary breast-works on the front line on Monday and Tuesday, being annoyed to some extent by the enemy's sharp-shooters posted in the woods in front. On Monday the 4th, about 2 o'clock p. m., General Whipple received a mortal wound from a sharpshooter's ball while in the act of mounting his horse, the shot taking effect near the spine, and died on the field.

Just before our Division General was carried past our part of the line, mortally wounded, Major Thad. Stevens and the writer made a narrow escape from a sharpshooter's ball while in conversation. Standing a few yards back of the breast works and only a few feet apart, a minnie ball "zipted" within a few inches of the Major's head, causing him to incline that part a little. It is said a miss is as good as a mile, but we thought discretion the better part of valor, so we quickly got out of range of the "Johnny's" death-dealing rifle. There were many just such narrow escapes while we lay behind our works on the line. The enemy was evidently ordered to fire low, as the dirt thrown over the boys and the "thud" of the balls in the earthworks fully attested. It was not safe at times to look over. Had it not been for the friendly shield many more of our boys would have been numbered with their dead comrades who failed to return.

On Monday night, on our left, the picket was attacked by the enemy, and our Regiment was put under arms until the firing ceased. After this there was comparative quiet all along the line until about 3 o'clock p. m., on Tuesday, when the enemy came creeping through the woods in our front; with a sudden dash they pressed back our pickets to the open space, not over one hundred and fifty yards distant from our breastworks.

Three regiments from Whipple's Division charged over the open space and into the woods, driving the rebels back within intrenchments. The Federal artillery now opened a brisk fire all along this part of the line with telling effect upon the enemy posted in the woods and beyond. His artillery answered the fire, most of their shots passing harmlessly over our lines. Lee then moved up his infantry, apparently intending to make a general assault, but a fierce storm arose which put an end to the contemplated movement on both sides. This ended the fighting at Chancellorsville.

The rain continued falling the remainder of the day and far into the night, which had the effect of driving the men from the rifle pits and breast works, which were now filling with water and mud. The night was "pitch" dark, and, with a few poorly-lighted campfires, the men were enabled to group themselves together in small squads and lay down upon their gum blankets. In this way the most part of the night was passed without closing an eye to sleep. At length an order to "fall in" came, and in the darkness the men were finally got into line and orders were given to move. The bulk of the Union army by this time had retreated during the night: the Third Corps, as we subsequently learned, was held back to cover the retreat across the river. At daylight our Division (the Third) reached the Rappahannock at United States ford. The river was greatly swollen by the heavy rain. Our Regiment, however, passed over the pontoons in safety. The enemy by this time had discovered the retreat of the Federal forces and had moved some of their artillery toward the river to shell our retreating columns. Their shells, however, did but little, if any, damage.

The Regiment, with the rest of the army, made their way, through the mud, which was by this time nearly ankle deep in many places along the route, to their old camps. Regardless of

order or any particular line of march, they came into camp by squads. Upon that Wednesday evening (the 5th), when the roll was called by company, many who but a few short days before had answered to their names were now absent, awaiting the roll-call when the Great Commander shall bid the dead awake, on the morning of the Resurrection.

General Whipple's remains were forwarded to Washington, and thither the Regiment was ordered to proceed to act as escort at his funeral. On the morning of the 7th the Regiment marched to Aqua Creek Landing, where it took boat, arriving in Washington the same evening and was quartered at the Soldiers' Retreat.

The following day, with "reversed arms," the Regiment marched from Washington to Georgetown, a distance of six miles, with the funeral of its Division Commander, General Whipple, having the right of the line of procession. At the close of the sad rites, its term of service having expired, it was ordered to Harrisburg, where, on the 15th and 16th of May, it was mustered out of service. On the morning of the 17th, about 1 o'clock, it arrived in Lancaster, where a colossal banquet awaited them, being served in the corridors of the Court House by the Patriot Daughters of the City of Lancaster, under whose auspices it was prepared. At the conclusion of the banquet Colonel Franklin gave his last command to the Regiment to "break ranks," and bade the boys farewell. Three cheers were then given for the Patriot Daughters, three for the Colonel and his officers, and three for the "Old Flag." The boys then left for their respective homes, to be again welcomed by their friends, who were watching and awaiting their return.

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